



Cave Man Stuff

Otto Klineberg

I HAVE always envied the Cave Man. I have envied him his strength and his courage, his freedom and his manliness. But more than everything else I have been jealous of his masterful, persuasive and effective way with women.

My picture of him was compounded of evidence from the moving pictures and the cartoons in "Life." I saw him as a splendid, primitive creature, with fire in his eye and a club in his hand, his hair unkempt and his feet unshod. He had that look of confidence that you only find today in successful book-agents or college sophomores. In the dust at his feet there was always a Cave Woman, whom he had kindly but firmly clubbed into submission, and who now looked up at her captor with adoration and admiration oozing out of every pore.

He was a believer in the direct method, this hero of mine. He sent no elephant tusks or coconut shells to ensure his lady's favour. He did not waste time and his money taking his girl to see the bear hunts or the seal races. He just went after the woman he wanted, with a club. If she resisted, he argued with her, in his own inimitable way. And when she recovered, she would whisper to him the prehistoric equivalent for "My Hero!", as she snuggled up close to his left shoulder. I presume they lived happily ever after.

Such was the picture which I nursed in my bosom, cherished in my heart, and enshrined in my soul. It expressed for me the lofty heights to which man might attain if freed from the fetters of a narrow conventionalism. It symbolized the great open spaces, where men are men, and women their willing servants.

Alas for the Cave Man! At one touch of the magic wand of the scientist, he crumbled into uttermost atoms (or electrons, if you prefer), carrying with him my most cherished illusions. This is what I read in a modern treatise on primitive man.

"Marriage by capture, in any true sense of the term, is practically never found in primitive society. It is doubtful whether it ever occurred even in ancient times, in spite of popular belief to the contrary. In some tribes there is a mock capture, which, however, never takes place without the consent of the bride and of the bride's parents. The bride is expected to make some show of resistance as a token of her maidenly modesty, but she is never taken captive against her will."

Another idol shattered. I saw the Cave Man for what he was—not the stalwart hero of myth and movie, but a very ordinary mortal like the rest of us. I could hear him say to the grey-haired father of the lady of his heart, "Sir, I should like your permission to capture your daughter. I may say with all due modesty that I have killed seventeen men and five mastodons. I possess a cave which is a model of neatness and efficiency, and which I have furnished with three large stones and five bear-skins. I have a monthly income of nine foxes, two walruses, and half an ichthyosaurus. My wife will occupy a high social position, and will have three

fox-skins to wear, and a seal-skin for Sundays."

I could hear him proposing. "My dear Miss Pin-Head, I have for a long time cast a favourable eye in your direction. Say the word, and I will come to your cave this evening and forcibly carry you away with me." And I could guess her answer—"I am sorry, Mr. Fuzzy-Wuzz, but I have an appointment to be captured by Mr. Flat-Foot this evening. However, I shall always be a sister to you. And now if you'll excuse me, I must hurry home to get ready before Mr. Flat-Foot comes. You know, we girls mustn't be captured without some preparation."

Where women were concerned, the Cave Man was but a humble suppliant, even as you and I. Though his eyes flashed and his breast heaved when confronted with a unicorn or a pachyderm, his knees shook and his head swam when he met a prehistoric flapper. He would have raised his hands in horror if you had suggested that he use his club on her. He sued for her smile with all the artifices prescribed by the Elinor Glyn of his day. If he "captured" her, it was only after a siege in which she dictated all the terms of surrender.

I can see how the actual capture would take place. Miss Pin-Head refuses all invitations for the evening; she has a headache, and thinks she'll stay in. She takes her stand near the front entrance to her father's cave. Soon Flat-Foot comes along, stepping softly through the shadows. "Everything ready?" he asks. "All set," she whispers fondly. "But remember, no clubbing. And I absolutely refuse to be dragged over the stones by my hair. You'll have to carry me until we're out of sight."

She climbs up over his shoulder, and he staggers back into the shadows. She's rather heavy, and he isn't enjoying himself. Besides, she has to make some show of resistance, and that makes it harder. He breathes a prayer of thankfulness when they get far enough away to terminate the little comedy.

My picture of him has altered. I see him as a much gentler, much more timid creature. His hair is still unkempt and his feet unshod. He still has a club in his hand, but it is there for ornamental purposes only. He has that look of weariness that you only find today in unsuccessful book-agents or college professors. In the dust by his side is the Cave Woman, whose willing slave he has now become, who looks at him with some fondness and much amusement as he stands there in the shadows, with perspiration oozing out of every pore.

I realize that what I have said will come as a rude shock to thousands of men and women. No longer will the Cave Man stand as the ideal which young men will strive to be and young women to find. We now see him in the proper perspective, and he has dwindled to our own proportions. It is a great pity, in a way. Illusions are delightful things—but truth is mighty and must prevail.

"Legends"

Joseph Conrad's Last Essay

THE last words that Joseph Conrad wrote were the concluding sentences of the article which is quoted below. He was at work on this essay the day before he died, and within a few hours of being taken fatally ill.

Early on the morning of August 2nd he had discussing a new book with his friend and literary executor, Richard Curle, and had told his friend how he hoped that from this one article would spring a volume of intimate memories of ships and seamen which would form a pendant to the earlier similar volume "The Mirror of the Sea".

This short fragmentary essay, dealing as it does with a sailor's death and the heroic legend of a vanished era, is singularly touching, and now that Conrad is gone we can read into it much of pathos, much that seems strangely prophetic. But it is consoling to know that in him, too, there was no decadence. His last book,

Poplar Leaves

by MAX

HE found her lips by starlight
Under the drifting sky,
In the shadow of the poplar,
Straight, beautiful and high,
Her lips moved whispering,
Tremulous and shy—
On the flower of her face
A dark butterfly—
But a cloud came between, the
stars,
And a cold wind went by.
He heard the white poplar leaves
Sigh, and then sigh.
He found her lips by candlelight
In the darkened room,
And the shadow of the poplar
Was a black doom
Across the closed shutter
And the dreary gloom.
Her lips were cold and pressed
tight,
And no word did reply
To the importuning
Of his heart's mute "Why?"
He remembered then, hearing it
again,
The white leaves' sigh.

"The Rover", was a quiet but beautiful conclusion to a series of masterpieces that are unique in literature for their fidelity and beauty.

TO watch the growth of a legend is a sad occupation. It is not so much because legends deal with people and things finished and done with: that they spring, as it were, from amongst the bones of dead men. Flowers (as I have seen myself) will do that too. That's all in the order of nature, and both flowers and legends are upon the whole decorative, which is all to the good.

"I have nothing against a legend twining its tendrils fancifully about the facts of history or the tables of statistics (which can be fanciful too, though they never can be made decorative.) They spring from noble soil, they are a form of memory which we all like to leave behind us, that lingers about the achievement of men who had their day and the vanished forms of things which have served the needs of their time.

"One could welcome that fine form
(Continue on Page Four)

Anatole France

THE passing last Sunday at the age of eighty of Anatole France removes from the world of letters one who for more than half a century has been the acknowledged master of all that is most graceful, most elegant and classic in the literature of the French nation. His end came peacefully after a protracted illness, and he sank to his last sleep with words of courage and beauty on his lips.

The writings of Anatole France are known with respect wherever grace and precision and clarity of style are revered. His books have found their way into the hearts of all who are touched by an imaginative view of life in which irony is tempered by pity, and bitterness by love. The man himself, it is said, was loved by all who knew him.

He is described as a very human "master," given to gossip, serious about small things, light-hearted about great matters, tolerant and kindly, a charming conversationalist. This is the impression, too, which one obtains from his books. With what subtle humour did he smile at great matters as in "Penguin Island" or "The Revolt of the Angels"! How gravely, and with what beauty did he write of the common humble things of every day! Hear him speak of the earth of his dear France. These are the accents of true patriotism—

"Here in Valois, where my way now lies, sweetness and calm are upon the land. Gladly would I kiss the very soil, for, in a deep and special sense, it is the home, the cradle of our nation. Generation after generation has come and gone and left its abiding mark upon it, so that, virginal and radiant as it is with the loveliness of youth, it is yet the ancient reliquary of our race."

I know of no more beautiful and moving passage anywhere than the description in "Pierre Noziere" of the funeral of a little Brittany fisher boy drowned in the Bay of St. Valery, the prose chiming to as grand a climax as even French is capable of. In "Pierre Noziere" and its three companion volumes "My Friends Book," "Little Pierre" and "The Bloom of Life," Anatole France has left us a picture of his childhood and youth which for tender beauty and gentle charm can only be compared to the essays and letters of Charles Lamb. And it is for these books rather than for the irony and brilliance of piercing iconoclasm that his death comes to us in the light of an almost personal sorrow.

A.J.M.S.

BIRTHRIGHT

L ord Rameses of Egypt sighed
Because a summer evening
passed;
And little Ariadne cried
That summer fancy fell at last
To dust; and young Verona died
When beauty's hour was overcast.
Theirs was the bitterness we know
Because the clouds of hawthorn
keep
So short a state, and kisses go
To tombs unfathomably deep,
While Rameses and Romeo
And little Ariadne sleep.

— John Drinkwater.

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Wanted: A Players' Club

IT is a significant and happy augury that among the questions asked of those registering at the university was one seeking to measure the amount of undergraduate interest in the formation of a players' club. We do not doubt that this will be found to be large, and are of the opinion that there is no activity outside of athletics capable of evoking a more widespread interest among the students here, and none for which greater talent is available.

Perhaps it will be well before looking ahead to glance back at the history of dramatics at McGill during the past few years. In response to a long felt want *The Players' Club* was organized in 1921, and produced three one-act plays. The following year it was decided to produce a full length drama. This was hopeful in the extreme, and we looked forward to a play by Barrie, Yeats, Shaw, Galsworthy, or perhaps Shakespeare, or even Goldsmith. Alas! when the chosen play was announced, it proved to be an *opus* from the pen of the estimable authoress of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*—a saccharose brew called *The Little Princess*. It was the type of play to which a kind auntie might take her little nephew on his first visit to the theatre, and would have been a very creditable performance at a preparatory school for girls. But at McGill!

The Players' Club did not long survive Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's consumptive princess. On attempting to reorganize with a more liberal constitution it met with some opposition from the English department, and finally died of fright. It was a standard joke during the session 1922-23 to say that it died a natural death due to a weak constitution, but it was pretty generally realized at the time that the executive was right in refusing to restrict the privileges of the club to any one department or faculty. However, in spite of some sound editorial comment in the *Daily* and much significant correspondence, the matter was finally allowed to drop.

But miracles and resurrections do occur—even here and to-day. Phoenix-like from the ashes of the *Players' Club* rose *Theatre Night*, which in two short years has become one of the finest and most significant of undergraduate institutions, already assuming the dignity of a venerable tradition. But there is nothing traditionally venerable and dull about it. It is gay, and lively, and immensely vital, a thing of joy and pride, universal in its appeal. Everybody has a part in it: even the spectators are important; and all who wish can be ushers, stage-hands, scene-painters, musicians, actors, playwrights, as their ability fits them. The beauty of the whole affair is that it is a creation. At times it may be crude; but everything young and lively and experimental is sometimes crude. And already it has achieved much. The writing, staging and acting of last year's drama of the great backwoods was worth a thousand *Little Princesses*, and certainly argues that if the activities of a players' club are to be limited to one department or faculty, that faculty should be Law. Willard Crocker's Tutankhamen music of two years ago was another fine achievement.

Theatre Night is well organized and it has a large backing of popular support to insure its continued success. But this is not enough. What is wanted is some sort of dramatic organisation which will carry the same enthusiasm and the same method into the production of significant serious drama, perhaps even attempting to write its own plays, or at least doing some original work in the staging and mounting of its productions. There is sufficient talent to make some such project feasible, and too much to be restricted to one night's (or one week's) performance, even in so large a theatre as the St. Denis. Some sort of dramatic activity should go on during the whole year.

Though its beginnings might be small, once a new dramatic club produced a really good play, well-acted, and well staged, popular support would be won. What is needed is enthusiasm and effort. But let us not delude ourselves that it is an easy task. There are many difficulties to be overcome, and these must be faced. The question of a theatre is perhaps the most insistent one. It is true we have no Hart House, and the R. V. C. is hopeless, but there must be a way out somewhere. The lecture hall of the Biological Building would make a tolerable Little Theatre, and it might be an interesting problem for the amateur producer to stage a play in such a place

These are but rough suggestions, thrown out more in the hope of stimulating controversy and hearing the opinions of others than with any claim to finality: but we do believe that the interest and ability exist to make a players' club at McGill a success, and we should like to see some steps taken towards its formation.

The Whitherward of Science

A Review
by A. J. M. Smith

This is the conclusion of an article dealing with two notable books recently published in England, "*Daedalus*" by J. B. S. Haldane, and "*Icarus*" by Bertrand Russell. (London, Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., 2s. 6d. net, each.) "*Daedalus*," a spirited defence of science, was discussed last week. Bertrand Russell's book which deals with the other side of the case, is reviewed below.

BERTRAND RUSSELL, unlike Mr. Haldane, needs little introduction. He is a British publicist and writer on political and scientific subjects whose work has become famous in England, America, and on the continent of Europe. During the war he set his face against the popular tide of jingo patriotism, and it finally washed him into a prison cell. Although one may not be ready to commend the concentious objections of his pacificism, no unprejudiced reader of his books can question either his sincerity or his courage.

After reading "*Icarus*" one becomes, perhaps, more sympathetic to the pacificist attitude. The futility of modern warfare, now aided by science and becoming too dangerous a plaything for the world, is one of the chief impressions left in the mind of the reader of this little book at the end of its sixty-four small pages. And it is done subtly, quietly, effectively, rather by suggestion than by direct statement.

But it is not only the futility of armaments and warfare that is driven home to the reader. These we are all willing (is it an impossible dream?) to concede to the ash-heaps of the past. Bertrand Russell goes much farther, and we are left, at the end, with a gloomy sense of the vanity of all science, organized knowledge, and material progress. "*Icarus*" is so clearly, so logically and sensibly written, and it so firmly builds its case against the likelihood of civilization being able to avoid a crash, that one is left with a weary and oppressive sense of the futility of all effort. The only thing that can save the world is a great moral or religious revival; and, since there seems no reasonable chance that this will occur on a scale large enough to do any real good, what is there left for us but to eat, and drink, laugh and kiss, and pray that the kiss may be sterile? . . .

It is not scientific progress in itself which Mr. Russell doubts; it is man's use of the new powers that science will place at his disposal. "I am compelled to fear," he says "that science will be used to promote the power of dominant groups rather than to make men happy. Icarus having been taught to fly by his father Daedalus, was destroyed by his rashness."

Bertrand Russell's chief quarrel with science is that it has bound men more firmly under the yoke of a dominant group of rulers. Men have used the increased productivity, which has been the gift of science, for three chief purposes in succession: first to increase the population; secondly, to raise the standard of comfort; and lastly, in modern times, to devote more energy to international competition. Science with its railways and steamships and aeroplanes, its cables and telegraphs and wireless has brought about the need of large organizations, and made their existence possible. In modern industrialism, competition is not between individuals or firms, but between corporations and nations. It is a struggle for raw materials and markets; and

the ultimate factor upon which the competitors rely is armed force.

In a section of the book dealing with "The Increase of Organization," Mr. Russell sketches in heavy black a picture of the inevitable trend of modern industrial civilization. "In consequence of scientific invention, which facilitates centralization and propaganda," he states, "groups become more organized, more disciplined, more group conscious. The effect of leaders on followers is increased, and the control of events by a few prominent personalities becomes more marked."

The author holds that within the next half century it is probable the power of governments will undergo a still further growth. There will be a tendency for these increasingly powerful governments to be such as are desired by the men who control armaments and raw materials, since those who possess military and economic power can control education and the press, and thus obtain a subservient democracy. This, of course, tends towards an increase of international competition, finally ending in war. And war as it will be waged by the science of the future may mean extinction. The only hopeful element that Mr. Russell can forecast is that when the technical conditions exist for reducing the world to an economic unity, two rival groups may contend for mastery, and the victor be able to introduce the single world-wide organization needed to prevent the mutual extermination of civilized nations. It is here that Bertrand Russell makes an avowal of his credo of reform: "I believe," (it begins in the orthodox manner) "I believe that, owing to men's folly, a world government will only be established by force, and will therefore be at first cruel and despotic. But I believe that it is necessary for the preservation of a scientific civilization and that if once realized it will gradually give rise to the other conditions of a tolerable existence."

This is pretty hopeless. One is trapped in a mad, bad, crazy world. Democracy has sold a mob of simple minded fools into the power of war lords and captains of industry, in whose selfish interest flags will be waived, patriotic ideals glowingly visualized, and speeches made—to lure the mob to battle. And the mob isn't even clever enough to revolt. When it does, as in the French Revolution and in Russia today, it goads itself into a fury of desperation that wreaks worse havoc than the injustice which it fights. Finally, it is questionable in my mind whether extinction would not be preferable to world unity by force of arms.

The author's conclusions are summed up in a few closing pages, and they are not more hopeful. That scientific progress must necessarily be a boon to mankind is a comfortable nineteenth century delusion which a more disillusioned age must discard. Science enables the holders of power to realize their purposes more fully; and if these purposes are good, then this is a gain; if not, it is a loss. In the present age the purposes of the holders of power seem mainly evil. The conclusion is obvious.

In his brilliant closing paragraphs, Mr. Russell, stresses the greater importance of the "heart" over the "head." By "heart" he means the sum total of kindly impulses. Where these exist science helps them to be effective; in their absence it only makes men more diabolically clever. He enquires, somewhat fancifully, if there is no way of increasing man's kindness. Let us assume," he says, (Continue on Page Four)

French Actors in Drama of Passion At Orpheum

THE love affairs of a philandering Italian poet form the central theme of "L'Appassionata," by Pierre Frondale, presented at the Orpheum this week by Pierre Magnier and the Porte St. Martin players. All of which suggests a racy French comedy, but before the play ends a woman dies of a broken heart, and the poet is strangled by the young artist whom she has deserted after succumbing to the poet's fatal fascination. It must be the natural perversity of the French which leads them to label such a play a "Comédie."

The plot is obviously not new, but the setting is interesting and the acting splendid. We get a French version of life in the colony of Montmartre, in which the artists disport themselves in the most delightful manner imaginable. Behind the scenes in a theatre in Rome, we are indiscreet enough to overhear a very serious quarrel between Spifani, the poet, and his mistress, Bianca Banelle, who banishes him forever—or rather for two acts. In a charming Sicilian village, Charlotte Langer follows the call of Destiny, as she sees it, and leaves her artist husband for Spifani. In the intermission before the next act, she is deserted, and dies of despair. Finally, Pierre, the artist, brings the news to Spifani, and after listening to an excellent exposition of the philosophy of selfishness by Bianca, definitely and convincingly strangles the poet.

All the members of the cast give an excellent account of themselves. Pierre Magnier plays the suave and amorous Spifani; Mme. Andree Pascal is an appealing and emotional Charlotte Langer; Mme. Clervanne is quite selfish and capricious enough as Bianca; and R. Montis plays the husband Pierre very convincingly. The minor roles are also extremely well taken care of.

Monday night was also theatre night for a great many University of Montreal students, who exercised commendable restraint during the performance, but made up for it during the intermissions. Fortunately, they liked the show, so that the audience was permitted to enjoy the play in comparative peace.

This evening and tomorrow afternoon "L'Appassionata." The rest of the week, "La Flambee," by Henry Kistemaekers. Next week, "Madame Sans-Gene."

—O. K.

The Words of the Prophet Walt Whitman

LISTEN: I will be honest with you:
I do not offer the old smooth prizes, but offer rough new prizes,
These are the days that must happen to you:
You shall not heap up what is call'd riches,
You shall scatter with lavish hand all that you earn or achieve,
You but arrive at the city to which you were destined, you hardly settle yourself to satisfaction before you are called by an irresistible call to depart,
You shall be treated to the ironical smiles and mockings of those who remain behind you,
What beckonings of love you receive you shall only answer with passionate kisses of parting,
You shall not allow the hold of those who spread their reach'd hands toward you.

Julia Arthur in "Saint Joan"— Great Acting in Great Play

IT is very hard to write temperately of "Saint Joan". Here at last in Montreal we are given the opportunity of seeing a great modern play superbly acted and superbly staged. Like all of Shaw, the play is distinctly modern, and yet, too, it is classical and in the grand manner, and at its close, when we are turned out into the bustle and hub-bub of Guy street, it is with an unquiet feeling of strangeness. We have looked into the heart of the past, and been moved too deeply by tragedy and suffering to understand in the first few moments the meaning and purpose of taxis and street cars and the shouts of the newsboys crying the night edition of the Gazette.

spiring that weak cowardly prince with the courage and manliness to assume the throne and give into her hands the task of driving the English from the land. We see her in the commander's tent preparing to lead her men to the attack. Julia Arthur is magnificent. She is uplifted, and the light of God descends upon her countenance. In a very rapture she cries. "I am a servant of God. My sword is sacred. . . My heart is full of courage, not of anger. I will lead, and I will not look back to see whether anyone is following me."

Comes success. Orleans is taken, the English forced to make a treaty, and the Dauphin crowned by Joan at

BALLADE

"THERE'S never a good girl's lip outside of Paris"
So Francis Villon dreamed some time ago,
And his dear ladies withered long ere this,
Gone with spent flowers and last December's snow.
On living lips wild roses lovelier blow
Than flushed on olden mouths of lass or queen—
This is the truth that many a man doth know;
A thousand years, and earth will be as green.

What favored lady sees not with dismay
That loveliness is bound to transiency?
New clouds must sweep the heavens day by day,
New winds and pilots plow the age-long sea,
And beauty purchase immortality
With offerings to death and sorrows keen;
Love phoenix-like consumes, to soar and be;
A thousand years and earth will be as green.

Paris hath store of sweet lips still, I trust;
Old love hath left new beauty everywhere;
In cities blossomed from the storied dust
And virgin soil, new fragrance throngs the air
From gold and fervent pollen wind-blown there.
Lovelier forms and colour, sweeter din,
Thrill the wide earth with joy and make it fair;
A thousand years, and earth will be as green.

Bright beauty fades, and yet will radiant live
And all the former loveliness be nigh;
Sweet eucharist both Love and Beauty give,
Pan will not pass, though him we crucify.
Nothing at all so fair it will not die,
Yet sweeter springs shall be than springs have been,
And more of love shall live than passes by;
A thousand years and earth will be as green.

Whoever hears, it needs few words to say,
This sentence is our joy, and all our teen,
That ecstasy will pass, yet live away,
A thousand years, and earth will be as green.

— W. H.

Bernard Shaw has never before shown us heroism on this grand scale, nor suffering made so bitterly poignant as in the Trial Scene where the intellectual abstraction of the religious charges against the maid only bring out more vividly the bodily pain which is about to be wreaked on her helpless limbs.

Who could have guessed that the modern Moliere would have fallen under the spell of the inspired maid of Orleans? But he has. And so completely as to forget himself entirely in all but one of the six scenes and in the Epilogue. That this one scene and the epilogue are inferior to the rest of the play is no reflection on Shavianism. It is in the nature of things that even the most brilliant and intellectual wit is inferior to the dark bitterness of tragedy.

"Saint Joan" is described as "A Chronicle Play in six scenes and an epilogue, and within these narrow limits Shaw gets more of the spirit of the girl and her times than is crammed between the covers of even the fattest tome from Schiller to Anatole France. We see her at the court of the miserable Dauphin, in-

Rheims. Then the insidious workings of jealousy begin. The nobles do not thank this upstart peasant girl for exposing their military inefficiency; the church is outraged that the voices come from God, not from the Pope.

Captured by the Burgundians the maid is sold by the English and handed to the Bishop of Beauvais for trial as a heretic and witch.

The trial scene is the climax of the play. There is nothing more pitiful, more poignant, and at the end more agonising in all Shakespeare. Joan is changed now, weary with months of imprisonment, sick at heart, almost ready to believe her voices were the voices of devils. She is shown the instruments by which she is to die, and bewildered and distraught she signs a recantation. They sentence her to life imprisonment, and suddenly she realizes her voices were in truth from God.

Go to His Majesty's if only to hear Julia Arthur say this one speech! "You promised me my life," she cries, "but you lied. You think that life is nothing but being stone

(Continued on page 4)

Ups & Downs of Vaudeville Shown At the Princess

THE versatility complex holds the stage at the Princess this week. The performers, for the most part, desire to impress their audience that they are all potential Joe Cooks. Unfortunately, the desire to impress is not always accompanied with ability in that direction, one comes away convinced that dancers should not sing, singers should not dance, and acrobats should do neither.

Jerome and Newell, in "A Chink Episode" make use of a brand of humour of great but not necessarily venerable age. Having fully convinced the audience that variety is the vice of life, they proceed to present some of the best horizontal bar acrobatics offered on the vaudeville stage.

Charlie Foy, son of Eddie Foy, is another example in point. Charlie Foy dances well, sings execrably and entertains miserably with antique fooling and decrepit wise cracks. We pass over the insult to Eddie Foy contained in the program announcement that Charlie is "a Chip of the Old Block"

Stewart, of Stewart and Olive is a step dancer of decided merit. Olive of the same team has been endowed by a beneficent Providence with exquisite limbs. Stewart cannot sing, Olive cannot dance. Stewart sings, Olive dances.

The exceptions to the above category provide the material for an entertaining evening. Royce and Maye's act "Dance—Color and Speed" combines effective staging with excellent acro-balloon dancing. The cast seems to have lost nothing by Sunday's train trip from Toronto with the football squad of a well known Montreal University.

"Around the Bower" is a clever and interesting sketch handling an ingenious idea—a comparison by contrast of clandestine love affairs—in a very effective manner.

A capable cast, the Chase and La-tour Company, gives an admirable and adequate presentation.

"Education will out," with Robey and Gould, contains enough genuine humour to offset its occasional breach of good taste.

Willie West, Magnity and Co. enact an uproarious and unadulterated burlesque entitled "The House Builders". Side-splitting, soul-satisfying slap-stick—that and nothing more.

James, S. Morton, an old friend of both the management and the public introduces the acts and actors in his capacity as Master of Ceremonies, and the cordial reception he received should convince him that he and his keen sense of the humorous have not unworn their Montreal welcome.

Stay for the last act if you care for acrobatic cyclists who have sufficient consideration for their audience to do nothing but cycle.

By coming in at 8.40 you can miss both the Overture and the Canadian United News.

—S. D. P.

THE EXAMPLE

Here's an example from
A butterfly;
That on a rough, hard rock
Happy can lie;
Friendless and all alone
On this unsweetened stone.

Now let my bed be hard
No care take I;
I'll make my joy like this
Small butterfly
Whose happy heart has power
To make a stone a flower.

— W. H. Davies.

A Man in the Zoo

A Review

A man in the Zoo by David Garnett, Macmillan Company of Canada, \$1.50.

"A Man in the Zoo" is the latest work of that brilliant Englishman, David Garnett, the author of "Lady into Fox." If he fathers none other than these two works he will deserve a place among English artists of the pen. Mr. Garnett is the happy climax of a distinguished literary family; moreover, R. A. Garnett, who is presumably Mr. Garnett's wife, has illustrated both books with excellent woodcuts.

The story under consideration is about a pair of lovers who having quarrelled, separate. The young man, having been designated a beast in good round terms by his loved one, in a fit of despair offers himself as an exhibit to the Zoological Society. He is accepted, and is put in a cage in the Zoo between the orang-utan and the chimpanzee. He receives all the ordinary comforts of life, but becomes miserable on account of his confinement. He will not, however, break his contract with the Society. Crowds come to see and to jeer at the exhibition of *Homo sapiens*, as if they had never seen a man before. Among these crowds comes the woman he had hoped to marry, and around this incident the plot develops.

The writer set himself a very difficult task when he went about the production of this little story. He is developing a kind of novel first devised by Defoe namely, the treatment of absurd and grotesque topics with the utmost gravity. In "Lady into Fox" the grotesque is the supernatural conversion of a woman into a vixen; in "A Man in the Zoo" the grotesque is the highly improbable exhibition of an educated man of independent means in a Zoo. "A Man in the Zoo" does, of course, suffer slightly, when compared with "Lady into Fox", for it is felt that the writer, having once performed an acceptable act, wishes to palm off the same thing a second time in different clothing.

There is a striking similarity between Garnett's prose and some of our most recent poetry, especially that of Edwin Arlington Robinson, which affects to treat gravely utter asininity, and also the commonplace. The comparison breaks down after they have dealt with the ridiculous, and then there is an antithesis; Robinson does not go beyond exalting the laughable, as in his poem on the Salvation Army, and he never introduces the impossible. However they are both cynical; the following passage will illustrate Garnett's cynicism: "Mr. Cromartie was covered with blood...but he came back to show the spectators that he was not badly hurt; they for their part clapped their hands with joy, either because they were glad to see him escape, or because they were grateful for having been presented with such an unusual spectacle for nothing." The unusual spectacle was the attack on Mr. Cromartie, the Man in the Zoo, by the orang in the adjoining cage.

A very pretty Chinese poem is dragged in, somewhat too obviously by the ears; the theme of it is a wild beast caught by wile and tethered in a stable for people to gaze at. The "Manchester Guardian" says that it is a "glorious accident that an English scholar of Chinese is also an artist." This scholar is Arthur Waley, the translator of this poem, and Mr. Garnett should be all the more appreciated for bringing it before the public.

—Allan Latham

The Whitherward of Science

(Continued from page two)

"that it depends upon the glands. "If so, an international secret society of physiologists could bring about the millennium by kidnapping on a given day, all the rulers of the world, and injecting into their blood some substance which would fill them with benevolence towards their fellow creatures. Suddenly M. Poincare would wish well to Rhur miners, Lord Smuts to the natives of what was Curzon to Indian nationalists, Mr. German South West Africa, the American government to its political prisoners and its victims in Ellis Island. But, alas, the physiologists would first have to administer the love-philtre to themselves before they would undertake such a task. Otherwise they would prefer to win titles and fortunes by injecting military ferocity into recruits."

Mr. Russel concludes that the solution which the Houyhnhnms adopted towards the Yahoos—extermination—seems the only one. "And apparently the Yahoos are bent on applying it to each other."

To me, personally, it is one of the of the saddest things that of these two books, while the wit and brilliance of "Daedalus" commands admiration, it is "Icarus" which carries conviction. And the image left in my mind is of the individual caught in a huge spider's web of circumstance spun out of the integrated follies of his kind. We shall have a few brief years of comparative happiness in an interval of peace between 1918 and a vaster conflagration. Then the debacle. And the bitter hell of it is that civilization has grown so intimately organized, so complicated that we are helpless in the cogs of the machine. What is there we can do? Preach pacificism? This is no solution unless the whole world can be converted, which is impossible. Preach God? Perhaps, but here, too, the same objection applies. And who, today, knows God? Eat and drink, for tomorrow we die? I don't know. And I don't know anyone who does know. Most people never stop to ask themselves these questions, never even see the gigantic interrogation point, a new sign in the Heavens.

HIS MAJESTY'S

(Continued from page three)

dead—To shut me from the light of the sky and the sight of the fields and flowers—I could let the banners and trumpets and the knights and soldiers pass me if only I could still hear the wind in the trees, the larks in the sunshine, the young lambs crying through the frost, and the blessed blessed church bells floating to me on the wind—I know that your counsel is of the Devil, and that mine is of God." They hustle her to the stake. A red glow lights the window, and shouts and cries of wrath and agony came to the affrighted ears of the watchers at the window.

The effect was tremendous, appalling, frightening, and the curtain fell on an awed and hushed audience. The play should have ended there, I think. To drag the ghost of Joan who had been burnt to ashes and thrown with weights into the Loire, back in the visible similitude of the flesh, was an anticlimax, made only the more deplorable by the brilliant Shavianism of the epilogue. We didn't want to laugh quite so soon after what had occurred. It ended on a note that recaptured for a moment the spirit of the execution scene, where the newly-canonized Saint, shining with glory and truth cries out: "O God that madest this beautiful earth, when will it be ready to receive thy saints? How long, O Lord, how long?"

THE KISS

THE mountain stretched his time-worn pines
And asked for love.
His mighty form was streaked with rugged lines;
And high above,
Reaching into the deep and boundless blue
Were gashed peaks, which all the ages knew.
Old? Yes, old beyond all human days,
Yet calling loud
For love. And from the misty western ways
There came a cloud,
And, bending gently down, those peaks she kissed,
Those jagged, ugly peaks. Then disappeared—in mist.

S. E. R.

Legends

(continued from page one)

of imaginative recognition of the past with nothing worse than gentle melancholy which the passage of time brings in its train if it were not disfigured by touches of fatuity of which no legend is wholly free, because I suspect that those who record its tales as picked out on the lips of men are doing it in a spirit of love. And that is only right and proper.

"But love is uncritical. It is an enthusiastic state seeing romance in what may not be true to the spirit of its subject, so to speak. And thus the false which is often fatuous also creeps into a worthy or even noble story. Or even into a holy story. The Golden Legend itself, the legend of saints and their miracles, is an awful example of that danger, as anyone who turns over a few of its pages may see. Saintliness is made absurd by the presentation of the miraculous facts themselves. It lacks spirituality in a surprising way. Yes, fatuity lurks in all legends fatally by the effect of our common credulity.

"However, the legend I have in mind has nothing to do with saints—but with beings at first sight infinitely different, but whose lives were hard (no saint, I take it, ever slept on a bed of roses), if not exactly ascetic, and if not hermit like, yet as far removed from the commonest amenities and the simplest affections which make life sweet, and as much removed from the material interests of this world as the most complete spiritual renunciation could make it.

"Perhaps nobody would guess from what precedes that I have sailors in mind. I do not mean to be irreverent if I insist that in a temporal sense there was much that was edifying in their lives. They did not work miracles, to be sure, but I have seen them repeatedly do all that men can do for their faith—if it was only faith in their faith—if it was only faith in their own manhood. And that is something, surely.

"But there was something more in it, something larger—a fidelity to the demands of their calling which I verily believe was for all of them I knew both afloat and ashore, vocational quite as much in its way as any spiritual call a man's nature has ever responded to. And all that for no perceptible reward in the praise of man and the favor of gods—I mean the seagods, an indigent, pitiless lot, who had nothing to offer to servants at their shrine but a ward in some hospital on shore or a sudden wedding with death in a

Commencement

A Review

Commencement, by Ernest Brace, Harper Bros. \$2.00.

RECENTLY I read a magazine article in which the writer lamented that the colleges of this continent were turning out young men who, while they had no creative ability themselves, had the dilettante's taste for the so-called higher things of life, and who were thereby unfitted for practical affairs. According to this writer the universities' offence was in temporarily turning away the young men's thoughts from buying and selling. Quite unknowingly he had struck on a far more frightening aspect of the question; namely, that the men who are graduate from the universities have no creative ability. The writer of the same article had also forgotten that Babbitt was a college graduate.

Enough of the magazines; although they do show the trend of that more important literary publication, the novel. Lately there has been flood of novels dealing with education. "The Goslings" and "The Plastic Age" are examples. England, as usual, led the way with H. G. Wells' "Joan and Peter." (Let it be understood, I am referring to a strictly modern treatment of the subject and have no wish to harken back to "Nicholas Nickleby" and that surpassing crudity "Eric; or Little by Little.")

"Commencement", a first novel by Ernest Brace, is the latest of the books dealing with education. But "Commencement" treats of the product not the process. It is the story of the problems that face the college man after he has graduated. And greatly to the credit of its author's perception "Commencement" shows that of the three dilettantes who are introduced to the reader the one who is the graduate of a university has the most common sense—that is the most Babbitt-like characteristics.

"Commencement" has a certain strength—more noticeable, perhaps, in the closing chapters. Here there are more characters, the story develops, and the author does not insert so many of the commonplace reflections of his hero. Among the people are two glorious women—the hero's sister and his wife—and two entertaining men—the hero's brother-in-law and his first fiancée's father. The hero himself is a bore. It is tedious to follow his crude process of introspection. He is rather a shillyshally whose weakness makes him a wrangler on trivialities.

As a first novel it shows more promise than did the early books of many writers who are now successful.

—Graeme Taylor

great uproar, but with no gilding of fine words about it. *La Mort Sans Phrases*.

"In all this there is material for a fine legend—if not of saintly virtues, then of a consistent display of manhood. And the legend will not be long, for the last days of sailing ships were short if one thinks of countless ages since the first sail of leather or rudely woven rushes was displayed to the wind. Stretching the period both ways to the utmost, it lasted from 1850 to 1910. Just sixty years. Two generations. The winking an eye. Hardly the time to drop a prophetic tear.

"For the pathos of that era lies in the fact that when the sailing ships and the art of sailing them reached their perfection they were already doomed. It was a swift doom, but it is consoling to know that there was no decadence."



Literary Supplement



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Cave Man Stuff

Otto Klineberg

I HAVE always envied the Cave Man. I have envied him his strength and his courage, his freedom and his manliness. But more than everything else I have been jealous of his masterful, persuasive and effective way with women.

My picture of him was compounded of evidence from the moving pictures and the cartoons in "Life." I saw him as a splendid, primitive creature, with fire in his eye and a club in his hand, his hair unkempt and his feet unshod. He had that look of confidence that you only find today in successful book-agents or college sophomores. In the dust at his feet there was always a Cave Woman, whom he had kindly but firmly clubbed into submission, and who now looked up at her captor with adoration and admiration oozing out of every pore.

He was a believer in the direct method, this hero of mine. He sent no elephant tusks or coconut shells to ensure his lady's favour. He did not waste time and his money taking his girl to see the bear hunts or the seal races. He just went after the woman he wanted, with a club. If she resisted, he argued with her, in his own inimitable way. And when she recovered, she would whisper to him the prehistoric equivalent for "My Hero!", as she snuggled up close to his left shoulder. I presume they lived happily ever after.

Such was the picture which I nursed in my bosom, cherished in my heart, and enshrined in my soul. It expressed for me the lofty heights to which man might attain if freed from the fetters of a narrow conventionalism. It symbolized the great open spaces, where men are men, and women their willing servants.

Alas for the Cave Man! At one touch of the magic wand of the scientist, he crumbled into uttermost atoms (or electrons, if you prefer), carrying with him my most cherished illusions. This is what I read in a modern treatise on primitive man.

"Marriage by capture, in any true sense of the term, is practically never found in primitive society. It is doubtful whether it ever occurred even in ancient times, in spite of popular belief to the contrary. In some tribes there is a mock capture, which, however, never takes place without the consent of the bride and of the bride's parents. The bride is expected to make some show of resistance as a token of her maidenly modesty, but she is never taken captive against her will."

Another idol shattered. I saw the Cave Man for what he was—not the stalwart hero of myth and movie, but a very ordinary mortal like the rest of us. I could hear him say to the grey-haired father of the lady of his heart, "Sir, I should like your permission to capture your daughter. I may say with all due modesty that I have killed seventeen men and five mastodons. I possess a cave which is a model of neatness and efficiency, and which I have furnished with three large stones and five bear-skins. I have a monthly income of nine foxes, two walruses, and half an ichthyosaurus. My wife will occupy a high social position, and will have three

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My picture of him has altered. I see him as a much gentler, much more timid creature. His hair is still unkempt and his feet unshod. He still has a club in his hand, but it is there for ornamental purposes only. He has that look of weariness that you only find today in unsuccessful book-agents or college professors. In the dust by his side is the Cave Woman, whose willing slave he has now become, who looks at him with some fondness and much amusement as he stands there in the shadows, with perspiration oozing out of every pore.

I realize that what I have said will come as a rude shock to thousands of men and women. No longer will the Cave Man stand as the ideal which young men will strive to be and young women to find. We now see him in the proper perspective, and he has dwindled to our own proportions. It is a great pity, in a way. Illusions are delightful things—but truth is mighty and must prevail.

"Legends"

Joseph Conrad's Last Essay

THE last words that Joseph Conrad wrote were the concluding sentences of the article, which is quoted below. He was at work on this essay the day before he died, and within a few hours of being taken fatally ill.

Early on the morning of August 2nd he had discussing a new book with his friend and literary executor, Richard Curle, and had told his friend how he hoped that from this one article would spring a volume of intimate memories of ships and sailors which would form a pendant to the earlier similar volume "The Mirror of the Sea".

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"The Rover", was a quiet but beautiful conclusion to a series of masterpieces that are unique in literature for their fidelity and beauty.

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"One could welcome that fine form
(Continue on Page Four)

Anatole France

THE passing last Sunday at the age of eighty of Anatole France removes from the world of letters one who for more than half a century has been the acknowledged master of all that is most graceful, most elegant and classic in the literature of the French nation. His end came peacefully after a protracted illness, and he sank to his last sleep with words of courage and beauty on his lips.

The writings of Anatole France are known with respect wherever grace and precision and clarity of style are revered. His books have found their way into the hearts of all who are touched by an imaginative view of life in which irony is tempered by pity, and bitterness by love. The man himself, it is said, was loved by all who knew him.

He is described as a very human "master," given to gossip, serious about small things, light-hearted about great matters, tolerant and kindly, a charming conversationalist. This is the impression, too, which one obtains from his books. With what subtle humour did he smile at great matters as in "Penguin Island" or "The Revolt of the Angels"! How gravely, and with what beauty did he write of the common humble things of every day! Hear him speak of the earth of his dear France. These are the accents of true patriotism—

"Here in Valois, where my way now lies, sweetness and calm are upon the land. Gladly would I kiss the very soil, for, in a deep and special sense, it is the home, the cradle of our nation. Generation after generation has come and gone and left its abiding mark upon it, so that, virginal and radiant as it is with the loveliness of youth, it is yet the ancient reliquary of our race."

I know of no more beautiful and moving passage anywhere than the description in "Pierre Noziere" of the funeral of a little Brittany fisher boy, drowned in the Bay of St. Valery, the prose chiming to as grand a climax as even French is capable of. In "Pierre Noziere" and its three companion volumes "My Friends Book," "Little Pierre" and "the Bloom of Life," Anatole France has left us a picture of his childhood and youth which for tender beauty and gentle charm can only be compared to the essays and letters of Charles Lamb. And it is for these books rather than for the irony and brilliance of piercing iconoclasm that his death comes to us in the light of an almost personal sorrow.

A.J.M.S.

BIRTHRIGHT

L ord Rameses of Egypt sighed
Because a summer evening
passed;
And little Ariadne cried
That summer fancy fell at last
To dust; and young Verona died
When beauty's hour was overcast.
There was the bitterness we know
Because the clouds of hawthorn
keep
So short a state, and kisses go
To tombs unfathomably deep,
While Rameses and Romeo
And little Ariadne sleep.

— John Drinkwater



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He is described as a very human "master," given to gossip, serious about small things, light-hearted about great matters, tolerant and kindly, a charming conversationalist. This is the impression, too, which one obtains from his books. With what subtle humour did he smile at great matters as in "Penguin Island" or "The Revolt of the Angels"! How gravely, and with what beauty did he write of the common humble things of every day! Hear him speak of the earth of his dear France. These are the accents of true patriotism—

"Here in Valois, where my way now lies, sweetness and calm are upon the land. Gladly would I kiss the very soil, for, in a deep and special sense, it is the home, the cradle of our nation. Generation after generation has come and gone and left its abiding mark upon it, so that, virginal and radiant as it is with the loveliness of youth, it is yet the ancient reliquary of our race."

I know of no more beautiful and moving passage anywhere than the description in "Pierre Noziere" of the funeral of a little Brittany fisher boy, drowned in the Bay of St. Valery, the prose chiming to as grand a climax as even French is capable of. In "Pierre Noziere" and its three companion volumes "My Friends Book," "Little Pierre" and "the Bloom of Life," Anatole France has left us a picture of his childhood and youth which for tender beauty and gentle charm can only be compared to the essays and letters of Charles Lamb. And it is for these books rather than for the irony and brilliance of piercing iconoclasm that his death comes to us in the light of an almost personal sorrow.

A.J.M.S.

BIRTHRIGHT

L ord Rameses of Egypt sighed
Because a summer evening
passed;
And little Ariadne cried
That summer fancy fell at last
To dust; and young Verona died
When beauty's hour was overcast.
Theirs was the bitterness we know
Because the clouds of hawthorn
keep
So short a state, and kisses go
To tombs unfathomably deep,
While Rameses and Romeo
And little Ariadne sleep.

— John Drinkwater.

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Editor: A. J. M. SMITH
Associate Editor: OTTO KLINEBERG

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Wanted: A Players' Club

IT is a significant and happy augury that among the questions asked of those registering at the university was one seeking to measure the amount of undergraduate interest in the formation of a players' club. We do not doubt that this will be found to be large, and are of the opinion that there is no activity outside of athletics capable of evoking a more widespread interest among the students here, and none for which greater talent is available.

Perhaps it will be well before looking ahead to glance back at the history of dramatics at McGill during the past few years. In response to a long felt want *The Players' Club* was organized in 1921, and produced three one-act plays. The following year it was decided to produce a full length drama. This was hopeful in the extreme, and we looked forward to a play by Barrie, Yeats, Shaw, Galsworthy, or perhaps Shakespeare, or even Goldsmith. Alas! when the chosen play was announced, it proved to be an *opus* from the pen of the estimable authoress of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*—a saccharose brew called *The Little Princess*. It was the type of play to which a kind auntie might take her little nephew on his first visit to the theatre, and would have been a very creditable performance at a preparatory school for girls. But at McGill!

The Players' Club did not long survive Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's consumptive princess. On attempting to reorganize with a more liberal constitution it met with some opposition from the English department, and finally died of fright. It was a standard joke during the session 1922-23 to say that it died a natural death due to a weak constitution, but it was pretty generally realized at the time that the executive was right in refusing to restrict the privileges of the club to any one department or faculty. However, in spite of some sound editorial comment in the *Daily* and much significant correspondence, the matter was finally allowed to drop.

But miracles and resurrections do occur—even here and to-day. Phoenix-like from the ashes of the *Players' Club* rose *Theatre Night*, which in two short years has become one of the finest and most significant of undergraduate institutions, already assuming the dignity of a venerable tradition. But there is nothing traditionally venerable and dull about it. It is gay, and lively, and immensely vital, a thing of joy and pride, universal in its appeal. Everybody has a part in it: even the spectators are important; and all who wish can be ushers, stage-hands, scene-painters, musicians, actors, playwrights, as their ability fits them. The beauty of the whole affair is that it is a creation. At times it may be crude; but everything young and lively and experimental is sometimes crude. And already it has achieved much. The writing, staging and acting of last year's drama of the great backwoods was worth a thousand *Little Princesses*, and certainly argues that if the activities of a players' club are to be limited to one department or faculty, that faculty should be Law. Willard Crocker's Tutankhamen music of two years ago was another fine achievement.

Theatre Night is well organized and it has a large backing of popular support to insure its continued success. But this is not enough. What is wanted is some sort of dramatic organisation which will carry the same enthusiasm and the same method into the production of significant serious drama, perhaps even attempting to write its own plays, or at least doing some original work in the staging and mounting of its productions. There is sufficient talent to make some such project feasible, and too much to be restricted to one night's (or one week's) performance, even in so large a theatre as the St. Denis. Some sort of dramatic activity should go on during the whole year.

Though its beginnings might be small, once a new dramatic club produced a really good play, well-acted, and well staged, popular support would be won. What is needed is enthusiasm and effort. But let us not delude ourselves that it is an easy task. There are many difficulties to be overcome, and these must be faced. The question of a theatre is perhaps the most insistent one. It is true we have no Hart House, and the R. V. C. is hopeless, but there must be a way out somewhere. The lecture hall of the Biological Building would make a tolerable Little Theatre, and it might be an interesting problem for the amateur producer to stage a play in such a place

These are but rough suggestions, thrown out more in the hope of stimulating controversy and hearing the opinions of others than with any claim to finality; but we do believe that the interest and ability exist to make a players' club at McGill a success, and we should like to see some steps taken towards its formation.

The Whitherward of Science

A Review
by A. J. M. Smith

This is the conclusion of an article dealing with two notable books recently published in England, "*Daedalus*" by J. B. S. Haldane, and "*Icarus*" by Bertrand Russell. (London, Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., 2s. 6d. net, each.) "*Daedalus*," a spirited defence of science, was discussed last week. Bertrand Russell's book which deals with the other side of the case, is reviewed below.

BERTRAND RUSSELL, unlike Mr. Haldane, needs little introduction. He is a British publicist and writer on political and scientific subjects whose work has become famous in England, America, and on the continent of Europe. During the war he set his face against the popular tide of jingo patriotism, and it finally washed him into a prison cell. Although one may not be ready to commend the conscientious objections of his pacifism, no unprejudiced reader of his books can question either his sincerity or his courage.

After reading "*Icarus*" one becomes, perhaps, more sympathetic to the pacifist attitude. The futility of modern warfare, now aided by science and becoming too dangerous a plaything for the world, is one of the chief impressions left in the mind of the reader of this little book at the end of its sixty-four small pages. And it is done subtly, quietly, effectively, rather by suggestion than by direct statement.

But it is not only the futility of armaments and warfare that is driven home to the reader. These we are all willing (is it an impossible dream?) to concede to the ash-heaps of the past. Bertrand Russell goes much farther, and we are left, at the end, with a gloomy sense of the vanity of all science, organized knowledge, and material progress. "*Icarus*" is so clearly, so logically and sensibly written, and it so firmly builds its case against the likelihood of civilization being able to avoid a crash, that one is left with a weary and oppressive sense of the futility of all effort. The only thing that can save the world is a great moral or religious revival; and, since there seems no reasonable chance that this will occur on a scale large enough to do any real good, what is there left for us but to eat, and drink, laugh and kiss, and pray that the kiss may be sterile? . . .

It is not scientific progress in itself which Mr. Russell doubts; it is man's use of the new powers that science will place at his disposal. "I am compelled to fear," he says "that science will be used to promote the power of dominant groups rather than to make men happy. Icarus having been taught to fly by his father Daedalus, was destroyed by his rashness."

Bertrand Russell's chief quarrel with science is that it has bound men more firmly under the yoke of a dominant group of rulers. Men have used the increased productivity, which has been the gift of science, for three chief purposes in succession: first to increase the population; secondly, to raise the standard of comfort; and lastly, in modern times, to devote more energy to international competition. Science with its railways and steamships and aeroplanes, its cables and telegraphs and wireless has brought about the need of large organizations, and made their existence possible. In modern industrialism, competition is not between individuals or firms, but between corporations and nations. It is a struggle for raw materials and markets; and

the ultimate factor upon which the competitors rely is armed force.

In a section of the book dealing with "The Increase of Organization," Mr. Russell sketches in heavy black a picture of the inevitable trend of modern industrial civilization. "In consequence of scientific invention, which facilitates centralization and propaganda," he states, "groups become more organized, more disciplined, more group conscious. The effect of leaders on followers is increased, and the control of events by a few prominent personalities becomes more marked."

The author holds that within the next half century, it is probable the power of governments will undergo a still further growth. There will be a tendency for these increasingly powerful governments to be such as are desired by the men who control armaments and raw materials, since those who possess military and economic power can control education and the press, and thus obtain a subservient democracy. This, of course, tends towards an increase of international competition, finally ending in war. And war as it will be waged by the science of the future may mean extinction. The only hopeful element that Mr. Russell can forecast is that when the technical conditions exist for reducing the world to an economic unity, two rival groups may contend for mastery, and the victor be able to introduce the single world-wide organization needed to prevent the mutual extermination of civilized nations. It is here that Bertrand Russell makes an avowal of his credo of reform: "I believe," (it begins in the orthodox manner) "I believe that, owing to men's folly, a world government will only be established by force, and will therefore be at first cruel and despotic. But I believe that it is necessary for the preservation of a scientific civilization and that if once realized it will gradually give rise to the other conditions of a tolerable existence."

This is pretty hopeless. One is trapped in a mad, bad, crazy world. Democracy has sold a mob of simple minded fools into the power of war lords and captains of industry, in whose selfish interest flags will be waived, patriotic ideals glowingly visualized, and speeches made—to lure the mob to battle. And the mob isn't even clever enough to revolt. When it does, as in the French Revolution and in Russia today, it goads itself into a fury of desperation that wreaks worse havoc than the injustice which it fights. Finally, it is questionable in my mind whether extinction would not be preferable to world unity by force of arms.

The author's conclusions are summed up in a few closing pages, and they are not more hopeful. That scientific progress must necessarily be a boon to mankind is a comfortable nineteenth century delusion which a more disillusioned age must discard. Science enables the holders of power to realize their purposes more fully; and if these purposes are good, then this is a gain; if not, it is a loss. In the present age the purposes of the holders of power seem mainly evil. The conclusion is obvious.

In his brilliant closing paragraphs, Mr. Russell, stresses the greater importance of the "heart" over the "head." By "heart" he means the sum total of kindly impulses. Where these exist science helps them to be effective; in their absence it only makes men more diabolically clever. He enquires, somewhat fancifully, if there is no way of increasing man's kindness. Let us assume," he says, (Continue on Page Four)

French Actors in Drama of Passion At Orpheum

THE love affairs of a philandering Italian poet form the central theme of "L'Appassionata," by Pierre Frondale, presented at the Orpheum this week by Pierre Magnier and the Porte St. Martin players. All of which suggests a racy French comedy, but before the play ends a woman dies of a broken heart, and the poet is strangled by the young artist whom she has deserted after succumbing to the poet's fatal fascination. It must be the natural perversity of the French which leads them to label such a play a "Comédie."

The plot is obviously not new, but the setting is interesting and the acting splendid. We get a French version of life in the colony of Montmartre, in which the artists disport themselves in the most delightful manner imaginable. Behind the scenes in a theatre in Rome, we are indiscreet enough to overhear a very serious quarrel between Spifani, the poet, and his mistress, Bianca Banella, who banishes him forever—or rather for two acts. In a charming Sicilian village, Charlotte Langer follows the call of Destiny, as she sees it, and leaves her artist husband for Spifani. In the intermission before the next act, she is deserted, and dies of despair. Finally, Pierre, the artist, brings the news to Spifani, and after listening to an excellent exposition of the philosophy of selfishness by Bianca, definitely and convincingly strangles the poet.

All the members of the cast give an excellent account of themselves. Pierre Magnier plays the suave and amorous Spifani; Mme. Andree Pascal is an appealing and emotional Charlotte Langer; Mme. Clervanne is quite selfish and capricious enough as Bianca; and R. Montis plays the husband Pierre very convincingly. The minor roles are also extremely well taken care of.

Monday night was also theatre night for a great many University of Montreal students, who exercised commendable restraint during the performance, but made up for it during the intermissions. Fortunately, they liked the show, so that the audience was permitted to enjoy the play in comparative peace.

This evening and tomorrow afternoon "L'Appassionata." The rest of the week, "La Flambee," by Henry Kistmaekers. Next week, "Madame Sans-Gene."

—O. K.

The Words of the Prophet Walt Whitman

LISTEN: I will be honest with you:
I do not offer the old smooth prizes, but offer rough new prizes,
These are the days that must happen to you:
You shall not heap up what is call'd riches,
You shall scatter with lavish hand all that you earn or achieve,
You but arrive at the city to which you were destined, you hardly settle yourself to satisfaction before you are called by an irresistible call to depart,
You shall be treated to the ironical smiles and mockings of those who remain behind you,
What beckonings of love you receive you shall only answer with passionate kisses of parting,
You shall not allow the hold of those who spread their reach'd hands toward you.

Julia Arthur in "Saint Joan"— Great Acting in Great Play

IT is very hard to write temperately of "Saint Joan". Here at last in Montreal we are given the opportunity of seeing a great modern play superbly acted and superbly staged. Like all of Shaw, the play is distinctly modern, and yet, too, it is classical and in the grand manner, and at its close, when we are turned out into the bustle and hub-bub of Guy street, it is with an unquiet feeling of strangeness. We have looked into the heart of the past, and been moved too deeply by tragedy and suffering to understand in the first few moments the meaning and purpose of taxis and street cars and the shouts of the newsboys crying the night edition of the Gazette.

spiring that weak cowardly prince with the courage and manliness to assume the throne and give into her hands the task of driving the English from the land. We see her in the commander's tent preparing to lead her men to the attack. Julia Arthur is magnificent. She is uplifted, and the light of God descends upon her countenance. In a very rapture she cries, "I am a servant of God. My sword is sacred. . . My heart is full of courage, not of anger. I will lead, and I will not look back to see whether anyone is following me."

Comes success. Orleans is taken, the English forced to make a treaty, and the Dauphin crowned by Joan at

BALLADE

"THERE'S never a good girl's lip outside of Paris"
So Francis Villon dreamed some time ago,
And his dear ladies withered long ere this,
Gone with spent flowers and last December's snow.
On living lips wild roses lovelier blow
Than flushed on olden mouths of lass or queen—
This is the truth that many a man doth know;
A thousand years, and earth will be as green.

What favored lady sees not with dismay
That loveliness is bound to transiency?
New clouds must sweep the heavens day by day,
New winds and pilots plow the age-long sea,
And beauty purchase immortality
With offerings to death and sorrows keen;
Love phoenix-like consumes, to soar and be;
A thousand years and earth will be as green.

Paris hath store of sweet lips still, I trust;
Old love hath left new beauty everywhere;
In cities blossomed from the storied dust
And virgin soil, new fragrance throngs the air
From gold and fervent pollen wind-blown there.
Lovelier forms and colour, sweeter din,
Thrill the wide earth with joy and make it fair;
A thousand years, and earth will be as green.

Bright beauty fades, and yet will radiant live
And all the former loveliness be nigh;
Sweet eucharist both Love and Beauty give,
Pan will not pass, though him we crucify.
Nothing at all so fair it will not die,
Yet sweeter springs shall be than springs have been,
And more of love shall live than passes by;
A thousand years and earth will be as green.

Whoever hears, it needs few words to say,
This sentence is our joy, and all our teen,
That ecstasy will pass, yet live away,
A thousand years, and earth will be as green.

— W. H.

Bernard Shaw has never before shown us heroism on this grand scale, nor suffering made so bitterly poignant as in the Trial Scene where the intellectual abstraction of the religious charges against the maid only bring out more vividly the bodily pain which is about to be wreaked on her helpless limbs.

Who could have guessed that the modern Moliere would have fallen under the spell of the inspired maid of Orleans? But he has. And so completely as to forget himself entirely in all but one of the six scenes and in the Epilogue. That this one scene and the epilogue are inferior to the rest of the play is no reflection on Shavianism. It is in the nature of things that even the most brilliant and intellectual wit is inferior to the dark bitterness of tragedy.

"Saint Joan" is described as "A Chronicle Play in six scenes and an epilogue, and within these narrow limits Shaw gets more of the spirit of the girl and her times than is crammed between the covers of even the fattest tome from Schiller to Anatole France. We see her at the court of the miserable Dauphin, in-

Rheims. Then the insidious workings of jealousy begin. The nobles do not thank this upstart peasant girl for exposing their military inefficiency; the church is outraged that the voices come from God, not from the Pope.

Captured by the Burgundians the maid is sold by the English and handed to the Bishop of Beauvais for trial as a heretic and witch.

The trial scene is the climax of the play. There is nothing more pitiful, more poignant, and at the end more agonising in all Shakespeare. Joan is changed now, weary with months of imprisonment, sick at heart, almost ready to believe her voices were the voices of devils. She is shown the instruments by which she is to die, and bewildered and distraught she signs a recantation. They sentence her to life imprisonment, and suddenly she realizes her voices were in truth from God.

Go to His Majesty's if only to hear Julia Arthur say this one speech! "You promised me my life," she cries, "but you lied. You think that life is nothing but being stone

(Continued on page 4)

Ups & Downs of Vaudeville Shown At the Princess

THE versatility complex holds the stage at the Princess this week. The performers, for the most part, desire to impress their audience that they are all potential Joe Cooks. Unfortunately, the desire to impress is not always accompanied with ability in that direction, one comes away convinced that dancers should not sing, singers should not dance, and acrobats should do neither. Jerome and Newell, in "A Chink Episode" make use of a brand of humour of great but not necessarily venerable age. Having fully convinced the audience that variety is the vice of life, they proceed to present some of the best horizontal bar acrobatics offered on the vaudeville stage.

Charlie Foy, son of Eddie Foy, is another example in point. Charlie Foy dances well, sings execrably and entertains miserably with antique fooling and decrepit wise cracks. We pass over the insult to Eddie Foy contained in the program announcement that Charlie is "a Chip of the Old Block"

Stewart, of Stewart and Olive is a step dancer of decided merit. Olive of the same team has been endowed by a beneficent Providence with exquisite limbs. Stewart cannot sing, Olive cannot dance. Stewart sings, Olive dances.

The exceptions to the above category provide the material for an entertaining evening. Royce and Maye's act "Dance—Color and Speed" combines effective staging with excellent acrobatic dancing. The cast seems to have lost nothing by Sunday's train trip from Toronto with the football squad of a well known Montreal University.

"Around the Bower" is a clever and interesting sketch handling an ingenious idea—a comparison by contrast of clandestine love affairs—in a very effective manner.

A capable cast, the Chase and Latour Company, gives an admirable and adequate presentation.

"Education will out," with Robey and Gould, contains enough genuine humour to offset its occasional breach of good taste.

Willie West, Magnity and Co. enact an uproarious and unadulterated burlesque entitled "The House Builders". Side-splitting, soul-satisfying slap-stick—that and nothing more.

James S. Morton, an old friend of both the management and the public introduces the acts and actors in his capacity as Master of Ceremonies, and the cordial reception he received should convince him that he and his keen sense of the humorous have not unworn their Montreal welcome.

Stay for the last act if you care for acrobatic cyclists who have sufficient consideration for their audience to do nothing but cycle.

By coming in at 8.40 you can miss both the Overture and the Canadian United News.

—S. D. P.

THE EXAMPLE

Here's an example from
A butterfly;
That on a rough, hard rock
Happy can lie;
Friendless and all alone
On this unsweetened stone.

Now let my bed be hard
No care take I;
I'll make my joy like this
Small butterfly
Whose happy heart has power
To make a stone a flower.

— W. H. Davies

A Man in the Zoo

A Review

A man in the Zoo by David Garnett, Macmillan Company of Canada, \$1.50.

"A Man in the Zoo" is the latest work of that brilliant Englishman, David Garnett, the author of "Lady into Fox". If he fathers none other than these two works he will deserve a place among English artists of the pen. Mr. Garnett is the happy climax of a distinguished literary family; moreover, R. A. Garnett, who is presumably Mr. Garnett's wife, has illustrated both books with excellent woodcuts.

The story under consideration is about a pair of lovers who having quarrelled, separate. The young man, having been designated a beast in good round terms by his loved one, in a fit of despair offers himself as an exhibit to the Zoological Society. He is accepted, and is put in a cage in the Zoo between the orang-outan and the chimpanzee. He receives all the ordinary comforts of life, but becomes miserable on account of his confinement. He will not, however, break his contract with the Society. Crowds come to see and to jeer at the exhibition of *Homo sapiens*, as if they had never seen a man before. Among these crowds comes the woman he had hoped to marry, and around this incident the plot develops.

The writer set himself a very difficult task when he went about the production of this little story. He is developing a kind of novel first devised by Defoe namely, the treatment of absurd and grotesque topics with the utmost gravity. In "Lady into Fox" the grotesque is the supernatural conversion of a woman into a vixen; in "A Man in the Zoo" the grotesque is the highly improbable exhibition of an educated man of independent means in a Zoo. "A Man in the Zoo" does, of course, suffer slightly, when compared with "Lady into Fox", for it is felt that the writer, having once performed an acceptable act, wishes to palm off the same thing a second time in different clothing.

There is a striking similarity between Garnett's prose and some of our most recent poetry, especially that of Edwin Arlington Robinson, which affects to treat gravely utter asininity, and also the commonplace. The comparison breaks down after they have dealt with the ridiculous, and then there is an antithesis; Robinson does not go beyond exalting the laughable, as in his poem on the Salvation Army, and he never introduces the impossible. However they are both cynical; the following passage will illustrate Garnett's cynicism: "Mr. Cromartie was covered with blood...but he came back to show the spectators that he was not badly hurt; they for their part clapped their hands with joy, either because they were glad to see him escape, or because they were grateful for having been presented with such an unusual spectacle for nothing." The unusual spectacle was the attack on Mr. Cromartie, the Man in the Zoo, by the orang in the adjoining cage.

A very pretty Chinese poem is dragged in, somewhat too obviously by the ears; the theme of it is a wild beast caught by wile and tethered in a stable for people to gaze at. The "Manchester Guardian" says that it is a "glorious accident that an English scholar of Chinese is also an artist." This scholar is Arthur Waley, the translator of this poem, and Mr. Garnett should be all the more appreciated for bringing it before the public.

—Allan Latham

The Whitherward of Science

(Continued from page two)

"that it depends upon the glands.

"If so, an international secret society of physiologists could bring about the millennium by kidnapping on a given day, all the rulers of the world, and injecting into their blood some substance which would fill them with benevolence towards their fellow creatures. Suddenly M. Poincaré would wish well to Rhur miners, Lord Smuts to the natives of what was Curzon to Indian nationalists, Mr. German South West Africa, the American government to its political prisoners and its victims in Ellis Island. But, alas, the physiologists would first have to administer the love-philtre to themselves before they would undertake such a task. Otherwise they would prefer to win titles and fortunes by injecting military ferocity into recruits."

Mr. Russel concludes that the solution which the Houyhnhnms adopted towards the Yahoos—extermination—seems the only one. "And apparently the Yahoos are bent on applying it to each other."

To me, personally, it is one of the of the saddest things that of these two books, while the wit and brilliance of "Daedalus" commands admiration, it is "Icarus" which carries conviction. And the image left in my mind is of the individual caught in a huge spider's web of circumstance spun out of the integrated follies of his kind. We shall have a few brief years of comparative happiness in an interval of peace between 1918 and a vaster conflagration. Then the debacle. And the bitter hell of it is that civilization has grown so intimately organized, so complicated that we are helpless in the cogs of the machine. What is there we can do? Preach pacificism? This is no solution unless the whole world can be converted, which is impossible. Preach God? Perhaps, but here, too, the same objection applies. And who, today, knows God? Eat and drink, for tomorrow we die? I don't know. And I don't know anyone who does know. Most people never stop to ask themselves these questions, never even see the gigantic interrogation point, a new sign in the Heavens.

HIS MAJESTY'S

(Continued from page three)

dead—To shut me from the light of the sky and the sight of the fields and flowers—I could let the banners and trumpets and the knights and soldiers pass me if only I could still hear the wind in the trees, the larks in the sunshine, the young lambs crying through the frost, and the blessed blessed church bells floating to me on the wind—I know that your counsel is of the Devil, and that mine is of God." They hustle her to the stake. A red glow lights the window, and shouts and cries of wrath and agony came to the affrighted ears of the watchers at the window.

The effect was tremendous, appalling, frightening, and the curtain fell on an awed and hushed audience. The play should have ended there, I think. To drag the ghost of Joan who had been burnt to ashes and thrown with weights into the Loire, back in the visible similitude of the flesh, was an anticlimax, made only the more deplorable by the brilliant Shavianism of the epilogue. We didn't want to laugh quite so soon after what had occurred. It ended on a note that recaptured for a moment the spirit of the execution scene, where the newly-canonized Saint, shining with glory and truth cries out: "O God that madest this beautiful earth, when will it be ready to receive thy saints? How long, O Lord, how long?"

THE KISS

THE mountain stretched his time-worn pines
And asked for love.
His mighty form was streaked with rugged lines;
And high above,
Reaching into the deep and boundless blue
Were gashed peaks, which all the ages knew.
Old? Yes, old beyond all human days,
Yet calling loud
For love. And from the misty western ways
There came a cloud,
And, bending gently down, those peaks she kissed,
Those jagged, ugly peaks. Then disappeared—in mist.

S. E. R.

Legends

(continued from page one)

of imaginative recognition of the past with nothing worse than gentle melancholy which the passage of time brings in its train if it were not disfigured by touches of fatuity of which no legend is wholly free, because I suspect that those who record its tales as picked out on the lips of men are doing it in a spirit of love. And that is only right and proper.

"But love is uncritical. It is an enthusiastic state seeing romance in what may not be true to the spirit of its subject, so to speak. And thus the false which is often fatuous also creeps into a worthy or even noble story. Or even into a holy story. The Golden Legend itself, the legend of saints and their miracles, is an awful example of that danger, as anyone who turns over a few of its pages may see. Saintliness is made absurd by the presentation of the miraculous facts themselves. It lacks spirituality in a surprising way. Yes, fatuity lurks in all legends fatally by the effect of our common credulity.

"However, the legend I have in mind has nothing to do with saints—but with beings at first sight infinitely different, but whose lives were hard (no saint, I take it, ever slept on a bed of roses) if not exactly ascetic, and if not hermit like, yet as far removed from the commonest amenities and the simplest affections which make life sweet, and as much removed from the material interests of this world as the most complete spiritual renunciation could make it.

"Perhaps nobody would guess from what precedes that I have sailors in mind. I do not mean to be irreverent if I insist that in a temporal sense there was much that was edifying in their lives. They did not work miracles, to be sure, but I have seen them repeatedly do all that men can do for their faith—if it was only faith in their faith—if it was only faith in their own manhood. And that is something, surely.

"But there was something more in it, something larger—a fidelity to the demands of their calling which I verily believe was for all of them I knew both afloat and ashore, vocational quite as much in its way as any spiritual call a man's nature has ever responded to. And all that for no perceptible reward in the praise of man and the favor of gods—I mean the seagods, an indigent, pitiless lot, who had nothing to offer to servants at their shrine but a ward in some hospital on shore or a sudden wedding with death in a

Commencement

A Review

Commencement, by Ernest Brace, Harper Bros. \$2.00.

RECENTLY I read a magazine article in which the writer lamented that the colleges of this continent were turning out young men who, while they had no creative ability themselves, had the dilettante's taste for the so-called 'higher things' of life, and who were thereby unfitted for practical affairs. According to this writer the universities' offence was in temporarily turning away the young men's thoughts from buying and selling. Quite unknowingly he had struck on a far more frightening aspect of the question; namely, that the men who are graduate from the universities have no creative ability. The writer of the same article had also forgotten that Babbitt was a college graduate.

Enough of the magazines; although they do show the trend of that more important literary publication, the novel. Lately there has been flood of novels dealing with education. "The Goslings" and "The Plastic Age" are examples. England, as usual, led the way with H. G. Wells' "Joan and Peter." (Let it be understood, I am referring to a strictly modern treatment of the subject and have no wish to harken back to "Nicholas Nickleby" and that surpassing crudity "Eric; or Little by Little".)

"Commencement", a first novel by Ernest Brace, is the latest of the books dealing with education. But "Commencement" treats of the product not the process. It is the story of the problems that face the college man after he has graduated. And greatly to the credit of its author's perception "Commencement" shows that of the three dilettantes who are introduced to the reader the one who is the graduate of a university has the most common sense—that is the most Babbitt-like characteristics.

"Commencement" has a certain strength—more noticeable, perhaps, in the closing chapters. Here there are more characters, the story develops, and the author does not insert so many of the commonplace reflections of his hero. Among the people are two glorious women—the hero's sister and his wife—and two entertaining men—the hero's brother-in-law and his first fiancée's father. The hero himself is a bore. It is tedious to follow his crude process of introspection. He is rather a shillyshally whose weakness makes him a wrangler on trivialities.

As a first novel it shows more promise than did the early books of many writers who are now successful.

—Graeme Taylor

great uproar, but with no gliding of fine words about it. La Mort Sans Phrases.

"In all this there is material for a fine legend—if not of saintly virtues, then of a consistent display of manhood. And the legend will not be long, for the last days of sailing ships were short if one thinks of countless ages since the first sail of leather or rudely woven rushes was displayed to the wind. Stretching the period both ways to the utmost, it lasted from 1850 to 1910. Just sixty years. Two generations. The winking an eye. Hardly the time to drop a prophetic tear.

"For the pathos of that era lies in the fact that when the sailing ships and the art of sailing them reached their perfection they were already doomed. It was a swift doom, but it is consoling to know that there was no decadence."